

ALL DUNKERLEY & FRANKS' UMBRELLAS

Are made on FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES. Being large producers, Dunkerley & Franks are enabled to offer them at astonishingly low prices. 7, Swan Street, New Cross, Manchester.

ESTABLISHED
116 YEARS.

THE
CHEAPEST
WHOLESALE
HOUSE
IN THE
QUEENDOM

Manchester
TOBACCO
COMPANY,
CENTRAL STORES,
51,
SHUDEHILL,

Nearly opposite
the Market Entrance
and facing
Thomas Street

NOTE OUR
PRICES
ON THE
CASH SYSTEM
SUPERIOR

Black Roll
3/4d by the Roll,
1/5 by the Pound.

FINE
UNSURPASSED

Chester,
8/5 by the Pound.

ALL PRICES
PROPORTIONATE
AT THE
Manchester

TOBACCO
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NO ADVANCE
UPON
CIGARS, SNUFFS,
&c.

Pipes, Matches,
Cigarettes, Fancy
Goods, and all
Tobacconists' Re-
quisites, at the very
lowest market rate.

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FROM
Five Shillings
UPWARDS.

HAVE YOU SEEN

OWEN'S

PATENT REVERSIBLE PERAMBULATORS ?
IF NOT, DO SO.
LISTS FREE.

OWEN'S, 15a, PICCADILLY, corner of OLDHAM STREET.

The burning thirst
of Fever, Sick-
headache, Bili-
ousness and
Indigestion,
are speedily re-
lieved by

JOHNSON'S

FEBRIFUGE,

AN
Effervescent Saline.

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BARTON ARCADE,
And all Chemists.

GRAFFITHS

104,

DEANSGATE

(Opposite Kendal,
Milne, & Co.'s)

WATCHMAKER
AND

JEWELLER,
Begs to call atten-
tion to his entire
Stock of

NEW GOODS,
GEM RINGS,
MARBLE CLOCKS,
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CONSUMERS

Obtain a mixture
possessing double
the strength and
flavour of any other
by mixing seven
kinds of the first
crop. Sold in

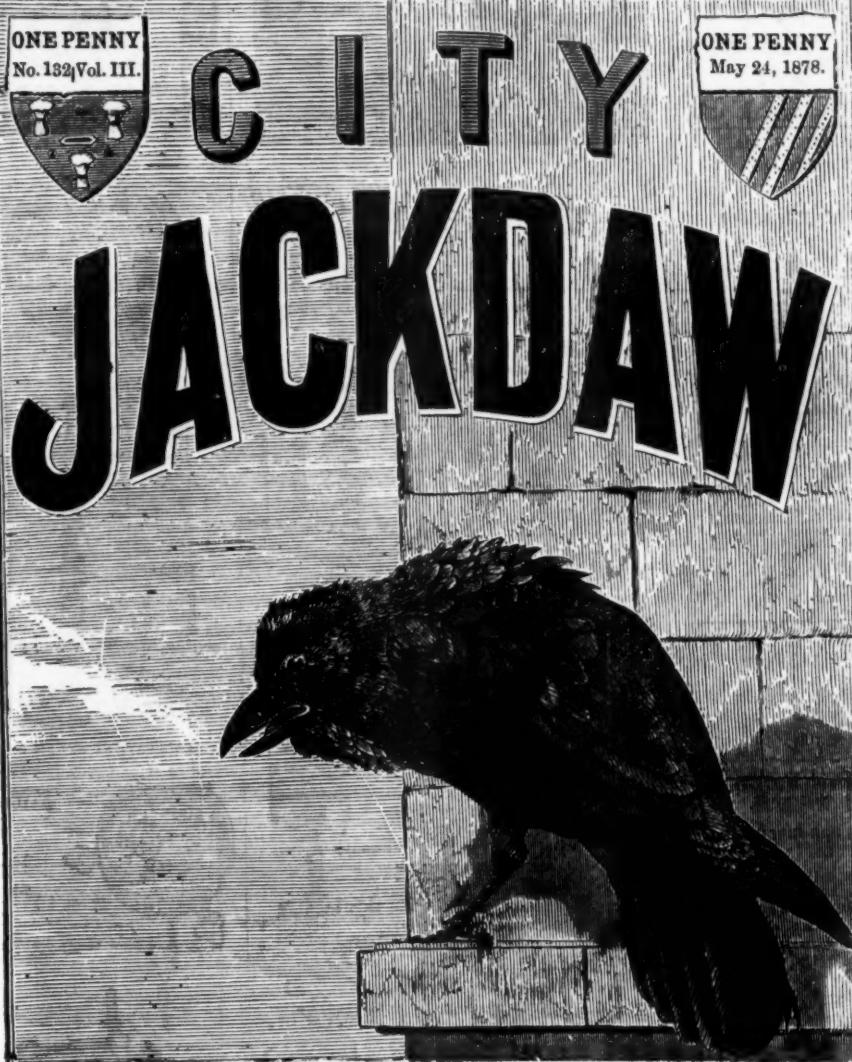
18OZ. PACKETS
3/6
(Chinese weight).

S. JONES & CO.
Importers,
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KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES.

Silver and Electro-Silver.

70,
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JOHN ROBERTS, FASHIONABLE HATTER,
87, OXFORD STREET, NEAR ALL SAINTS'.

ROBERTS'S SILK HATS in all the Newest Shapes.
ROBERTS'S FELT HATS in all the Newest Shapes.
ROBERTS'S UMBRELLAS in Great Variety.
Umbrellas Re-Covered & Repaired by Skilful Workmen.

THOMAS ARMSTRONG AND BROTHER,
OPTICIANS TO THE ROYAL EYE HOSPITAL,
88 & 90, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

Spectacles carefully Adapted to all Defects of Vision.

Artificial Eyes carefully Fitted.

the moment the (CHIRETTA BALSAM) relieves the most violent COUGH, cures BRONCHITIS in its worst form, 1s. 1½d. per Bottle. Patented, METHUEN (late Bowker and Methuen), 882, DEANSGATE. Sold by most Chemists.

Bailey's Water Motors

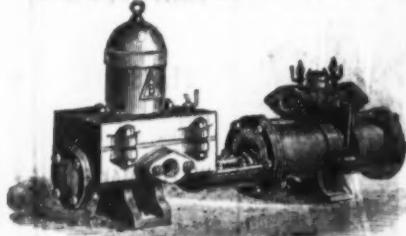
Power	£
DOUBLE HORSE (2 Horses)	6.10.0
HALF HORSE	10.0.0
ONE HORSE	12.10.0
2 HORSE	15.0.0
3 HORSE	25.0.0

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Spare price

W.H. BAILEY & CO., ALBION WORKS, SALFORD

HYDRAULIC ORGAN BLOWERS, £10.
HYDRAULIC HOISTS quoted for.

BAILEY'S STEAM PUMPS.



PRICES OF STEAM PUMPS.		
No.	Capacity in gallons per hour approximate.	Price.
1	650	5s
2	1940	15
3	2000	20
4	2150	40
5	7300	40
6	7200	50
7	12000	60
8	12000	75
9	12000	75
10	19600	90

Injector and Fittings for Feeding Boiler, 2d extra. Chimneys extra, according to length.

ASK FOR CIRCULAR.

Sizes and Prices of VERTICAL BOILERS, complete with 2 Tubes and all fittings.

Approximate Horse power.	Size.	Prices.
	Inches:	5 s. 6 d.
1	65 x 21	16 10 0
2	65 x 21	17 10 0
3	65 x 24	22 10 0
4	65 x 27	25 10 0
5	65 x 30	30 10 0
6	65 x 33	34 10 0
7	65 x 37	38 10 0
8	65 x 40	40 10 0
9	65 x 43	42 10 0
10	73 x 43	48 10 0

BAILEY'S TEST PUMPS,
£10, complete.



YARN & OTHER TESTERS,
See Lists.

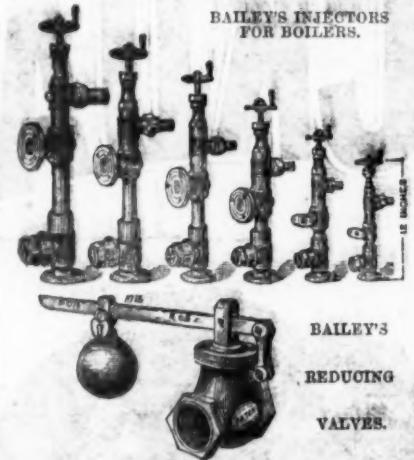
Bailey's Engine & Boiler Complete

HORSE	£
1	30
1	37
2	42

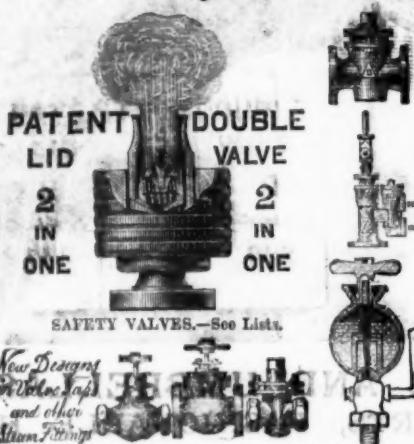
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BAILEY'S INJECTORS
FOR BOILERS.



BAILEY'S
REDUCING
VALVES.



SEND FOR BAILEY'S
PYROMETER
AND
INJECTOR LISTS.

ESTABLISHED HALF A CENTURY

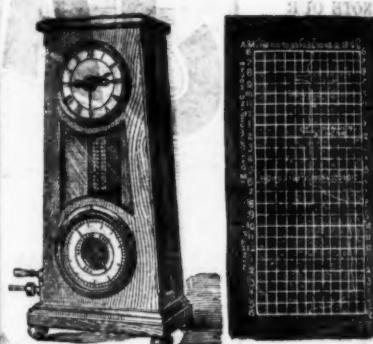
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TURBETT CLOCK
MAKERS,
ELECTRICIANS
TO THE GOVERNMENT,
CHIEF RAILWAYS
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SPECIALLY 2 FEET DIAL
TURBETT CLOCKS,
VILLA LIGHTING,
SOFT COAL, &c., &c.

BAILEY'S
LIGHTNING
COND.

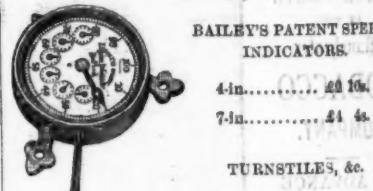
W.H. BAILEY & CO.,
SALFORD, MANCHESTER



Bailey's Watchman Clock & Watches
of various sorts.



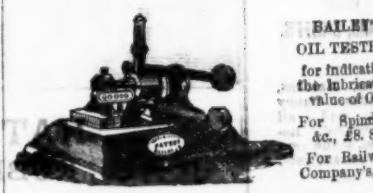
BAILEY'S PATENT STEAM GAUGE RECORDER, 4ft.



BAILEY'S PATENT SPEED
INDICATORS.

4-in..... £1 10s.
7-in..... £1 4s.

TURNSTILES, &c.



BAILEY'S
OIL TESTERS

for indicating
the lubricating
value of oil.
For Spinners,
&c., 18. 8s.
For Railway
Company's, £20.



For Churches, Mills, Residences.
Other materials supplied or men sent to fit.

ESTIMATES ON APPLICATION.

Manufacturers—W. H. BAILEY & CO., Albion Works Oldfield Road, SALFORD.

BEN BRIERLEY'S

SEA-SIDE AND HOLIDAY ANNUAL,

(ILLUSTRATED.)

WILL BE PUBLISHED EARLY NEXT WEEK,

PRICE SIXPENCE.

CONTENTS.

The Dead Bride, by Ben Brierley.

Rum Fish, by the Dyspeptic Romeo.

Gooseberry Pie, by John Walker.

The Sea Side, Blackpool, by J. H.

The Dead Donkey, by W. Derbyshire.

In the Twilight, by James Dawson.

A Blow at Scarbro', by Neb-o' th'-Nook.

Robin and I, by Fanny Forrester.

An Old Man's Story, by Fenwar.

May! by John L. Owen.

Loch Leven, by J. M. Hawcroft.

SEASIDE

ANNUAL

CONTENTS.

Bear Shooting in Norway, by "Elba."

A Terrible Tale, by J. Barnes.

An Every-Day Hero, by Frank Fearneley.

May Blossoms.

A Canadian Love Story, by Cecil Laker.

Sleawit Bill and the Flood, by Tim Bobbin Third.

In a Manx Glen, by J. M. Hawcroft.

Puffing Billy.

Our Picnic, by Thurston Chary Tyer.

Wife with the Rosy Cheek, by J. J. Freeman.

&c., &c.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.'S

CENTRAL WINDOW BLIND WORKS, DEANSGATE (Corner of St. John Street).—VENETIAN, CANE, & WIRE BLINDS.—VENETIANS: Best Quality, old per foot, warranted; Old Blinds Repainted, Taped, &c., equal to new, 4d. each up to 18 square feet. All Blinds Fitted with Carr's Patent Woven Tape, no sewing required; all Blinds Fixed Free of Charge within three miles of Manchester.

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, 56 and 58, Oldham Street, Manchester; and 4, Catherine Street, Strand, London, W.C.

FIRST-CLASS KITCHEN COAL,

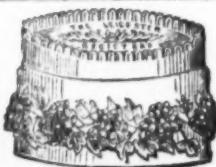
free from Slack, 7d. per cwt.; cash on delivery.—RICHARD WINFIELD,
COAL MERCHANT, 51, CORPORATION STREET, MANCHESTER.

4

THE CITY JACKDAW.

MAY 24, 1878.

THE L.P.P.



THE L.P.P.

IT is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L.P.P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V., C., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required.

The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts if required for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers, Messrs. VICCARS, COLLYER, & DUNMORE, 24, Silver Street, Leicester.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Wholesale London, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Foreign
FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,
JOHN BOYD & CO.,
Have REMOVED from 17 & 19, Thomas Street, to New
and More Extensive Premises, situated
MASON STREET, SWAN STREET,
WHERE AN EARLY VISIT IS SOLICITED.

"He who pays no attention to his Teeth, by this single neglect betrays vulgar sentiments."—Lavater.



CONTRA-SEPTINE

In a concentrated Mouth Wash, 10 to 20 drops of which, with half a wine glassful of water, used daily, constitutes a most efficacious means for preserving the Teeth from decay—for arresting decay where it has commenced—for purifying the Breath, and for producing in the Mouth a sense of wholesome freshness. Used habitually, CONTRA-SEPTINE is a sure preventative of Neuralgia and Toothache, and as such should be employed both by old and young. In short, CONTRA-SEPTINE is at once a luxury and a necessity to the completely furnished Toilet Table.

Cases 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. each. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

Wholesale and Retail: J. WOOLLEY, SONS, & CO., Chemists, &c., Market Street, Manchester.

SELECT TESTIMONIALS.

Rev. Dr. Holden, D.D., Durham, writes:

"I continue to use Contra-Septine with great satisfaction. . . . It is the most efficient and agreeable wash that I have ever used."

"Dr. —, Edinburgh, with compliments to the proprietors of Contra-Septine, has tried and recommended to others the use of the Contra-Septine. The proprietors, however, must excuse him not allowing his name to be used in reference to it on advertisements, &c."

An Eminent Dentist, under date October 23, 1877, writes:

"I have used Contra-Septine several times, and find it a very efficacious preparation, a powerful astringent, and well calculated to induce a healthy action of the gums, especially when disturbance is caused by decayed or diseased teeth."

W. Bourman Macleod, Edinburgh, writes:

"Before receiving your sample, I had directed my attention to your Contra-Septine, and had formed a decidedly favourable opinion of it. It is the most agreeable carbol preparation I know, and a thoroughly good dentifrice. It is of special use where artificial teeth are worn above natural roots, and also as a Mouth Wash for children who suffer from alveolar abscesses—popularly known as gum-balls."

Mr. Boe, Dentist, Blackett Street, Newcastle, says:

"Contra-Septine has proved the most effectual Mouth Wash I have ever myself used or prescribed to my patients."

"He who pays no attention to his Teeth, by this single neglect betrays vulgar sentiments."—Lavater.



CONTRA-SEPTINE

In a concentrated Mouth Wash, 10 to 20 drops of which, with half a wine glassful of water, used daily, constitutes a most efficacious means for preserving the Teeth from decay—for arresting decay where it has commenced—for purifying the Breath, and for producing in the Mouth a sense of wholesome freshness. Used habitually, CONTRA-SEPTINE is a sure preventative of Neuralgia and Toothache, and as such should be employed both by old and young. In short, CONTRA-SEPTINE is at once a luxury and a necessity to the completely furnished Toilet Table.

Cases 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. each. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

JOHN ASHWORTH & CO.,
Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers.

New Premises Corner of High Street, and Thomas Street,
Shudehill, Manchester.

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches, 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

JAPANESE CURTAINS.

L. SMITH & CO. have just Purchased a Large Lot of these Articles at very Low Prices, and are now offering them at 2/3, 3/8, 4/-, 6/-, 7/-, 8/-, 12/-, 14/-, & 30/- per pair.—6, JOHN DALTON STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 132.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

DOMESTIC PAPERS.—No. I.

[BY A FAMILY MAN.]

THE other night, as I was thinking somewhat sadly about the days that are gone, it occurred to me that I should be a benefactor to my species if, instead of lamenting the irrevocable, I were to publish my domestic experiences for the benefit of those who are either about to marry or who have already entered the hymeneal state.

Before commencing it must be distinctly understood that these papers are meant solely for the two classes just specified, and, above all, only for male readers. Those who have been much married will know all about the matter as well as I do, and I do not expect any woman to listen to me. I will therefore suppose I am addressing a young man whom neither the warnings of friends, the entreaties of sagacious parents, the ridicule of men of common sense, nor the bitter experience of acquaintances have been able to restrain from rushing headlong to destruction—that is, from getting married. I will also suppose that the foolish youth is about to take and furnish a house preparatory to the ceremony which is to consummate his “happiness.”

As a rule, I have observed young men set about this business with ridiculously inadequate means. Many of them are weak enough to have been deluded into the notion that it costs no more to keep two than to keep one, and on the faith of this they start furnishing a house with a sum of money which on the average amounts to about from thirty to forty pounds.

Having, therefore, made up what you are pleased to call your “mind” in favour of getting married, the first thing, my dear young asinine friend, is to choose the locality of your future residence. In this you need have no difficulty; on the whole, in your circumstances, the township of Moss Side is as suitable a place as you can find. It is true that Moss Side is governed by a Local Board, distinguished for the assiduous care it gives to the interests of its members, and the haughty neglect with which it treats those of the population. But there are many advantages which compensate for this neglect. The houses are villainously drained, the streets badly lighted, and at the rent which I understand you are able to pay, you will be obliged to live in one of the streets which it suits the Local Board and the Jerry builders to leave unpaved and undrained for years. Let, on the other hand, the public-houses are highly respectable, the Liberal Club is convenient and cheap, and you can get a breath of fresh air in Alexandra Park when you choose. On the whole, my dear young friend, you cannot do much better than live here, and, therefore, you may as well take this newly-built house in Blank Street which to your eyes looks so neat and nicely finished. Well, well, perhaps it is, but as a candid friend I ought to tell you that the paper will probably hang on the walls for about two months, and then tumble off bodily; that after the front door has been exposed a little while to the rays of the summer sun it will warp and never shut properly again as long as it is a door; that the kitchen range which looks so bright and clean will draw “draw;” that the window frames so freshly painted will open once and then the cords will snap, and the landlord will not replace them; that you will probably find the gas pipes leaking all over the house; that the water pipes will probably display an alarming tendency to burst; and that the walls will begin to crack in various directions in about six months. I tell you all this, not with the object of deterring you from taking the house, for that is hopeless, but merely to let you know that you cannot expect anything different from this for eight-and-six a week, and also in order to avoid the reproaches which in the coming time of your tribulation you would be sure to heap upon me were I not to take this precaution. And now, my dear young friend, having taken the house, and convinced

yourself by inspection that I am either telling lies or know nothing about the matter—though you keep these thoughts to yourself, I know they are passing in your mind—we will proceed with the furnishing of the domicile. You must not expect to do much with your fifty pounds—though that is ten above the average which greenhorns like you start with—but we will go down to the furniture store where you think things are so cheap, and see what can be done. First, then, you must have some chairs, and, as you say, those hair-seated samples appear very neat and substantial. So they do, but I fear you will find they were never meant to be sat upon. However, it will be impossible for you to give more than thirteen-and-sixpence apiece, and you really cannot expect much for that. Next we will look at the tables and carpets, both of which are entirely made to sell, and not to use. The table will get ricketty in about a week, and the carpet will get a hole blown through it one night when the wind rushes under it from the innumerable crevices in the floor and walls. But no matter. Here, again, you must be content with a certain quantity of table, and cannot afford to entertain considerations of quality. What! You would like that bookcase? My dear young asinine friend, that bookcase is ticketed ten pounds, and would be dear at a third of the money! Come away immediately, you have the other rooms to furnish first. You may do without a bookcase, but you cannot possibly do without a bed. Now here is one which looks, as you say, very nice. True, it will probably come to pieces with a crash in the middle of the night, and fall in ruins on the floor, but only the rich can object to such a sore trial as that. On the whole, perhaps you cannot do better than purchase this spick and span new bedroom suite, in polished birch, at eleven pounds ten. It will, at least, last you for a year, and I expect by that time you will be considering the propriety of going into furnished longings. And now, if you will take the trouble to calculate, you will find that thirty pounds of your money are spent, and you have only got about a third of the things you will require. Cups and saucers, my dear young inexperienced friend, and pots and pans, and all sorts of kitchen furniture, of which you seem to know nothing, but of which I know a good deal, will have to be provided. So, if you will take my advice, you will abandon those parlour chairs and table and carpet for the present and be content with furnishing the kitchen and the bedroom. Of course, it is very hard for you to ask Angelina to sit in the kitchen all day long when she has been accustomed to a very different style of living, but then if Angelina was not a silly young goose like yourself, she would never leave her parents’ comfortable home for the delights of an establishment of her own at eight-and-six a week, and she must be prepared for the consequences. No doubt, life may be very tolerable on a hundred a year, in a Cumberland village, but not in Manchester. However, you will find all this out very soon for yourself, and now I will leave you to superintend the getting in of your furniture, and call again to-morrow. By-the-bye, you must not be surprised if some of your new things get smashed in the transit. People who have experience of Jerry furniture always allow twenty-five per cent for breakages, owing to the jolting of the van. And now ta-ta, and keep up your spirits, my estimable, but asinine, young friend.

[To be continued as a matter of course.]

THE THEATRES.—On Monday evening Mr. H. M. Pitt's Comedy-Drama Company commenced a too brief engagement at the Royal, when *False Shame* was represented. Mr. Pitt's conception of the cool swell, “Lord Chilton,” was in excellent taste; and the same must be said of Miss Gainsborough's “Magdalen Atherleigh.” On Wednesday, for the first time in Manchester, *Ready-Money Mortiboy*, founded on the novel of that name, was produced. The play is one of strong and lasting interest, and the various members of the company several times received well-earned applause. The acting of Mr. Pitt, as “Dick Mortiboy,” and Mr. J. A. Howell, as “Old Mortiboy,” the miserly banker, is especially to be commended. For next Saturday, *Lady Audley's Secret* is announced. At the Prince's, *The Sultan of Mocha* is drawing good houses.

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactory, Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

[FROM OUR OWN SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.]

Paris, Wednesday.

JHAVE devoted the entire week which has elapsed since the despatch of my last letter to the examination of the various departments in the Exhibition, and shall, therefore, be able to describe its main features succinctly to my readers. Let me, however, ask them first to accompany me in a walk round the delightful grounds, to enjoy for a while the brilliant sunshine, from which, if the heat becomes too great, we may take refuge in the cool recesses of the sylvan shrubberies, and listen to the flashing music of the fountains and cascades, and to the more scientific harmony produced by the band of the Chasseurs de Vincennes, while sipping a refreshing and invigorating mixture of hock and seltzer. This drink, indeed, is the finest I know for this hot weather. It has neither the heaviness of the *bière*, nor the acidity of *vin ordinaire*, nor does it produce the reaction consequent on indulgence in effervescent wines. It is, besides, a most gentlemanly drink, and shows the imbibing to be a man of cultivated taste. As you sit refreshing yourself under the shades of the miniature avenue, which, although planted only four months ago, looks as if it had been there for years, you begin to wish that it were possible to stop there for ever. The avenue is gay with feminine forms arrayed in costumes which this week have reached a pitch of artistic perfection that is simply marvellous. How is it that Frenchwomen alone know how to dress well, and how is it that they have all such small feet? Really the most unimpressionable Briton cannot help being enslaved by the Arabian curve of the instep and the sweeping arch of the foot and —

[We have cut out about fifty lines of our Commissioner's dissertation on feet, which have nothing to do with the Exhibition.—EDITOR.]

Having now brought ourselves into a frame of mind suitable for the appreciation of the beauties of art and the ingenuity of industry, let us enter the main Exhibition in the Champ de Mars, leaving the Trocadéro for another time. From the place where, as I have supposed, we have been sitting, you enter first the

ENGLISH ANNEXE.

There is a very good show in this department. Amongst other things are a lot of cotton goods from Lancashire, some cups and saucers from Staffordshire, stuff to make bags—that is, trousers—from Leeds, a quantity of machines of various kinds, and a good miscellaneous assortment of hardware. Altogether, the show here is creditable. At the end of the street, or avenue, is a British public-house, where the tired visitor from across the sea may refresh with a pint of strong bitter beer. That manufactured by Bass is in considerable request, but for my own part I would as soon have a glass of Burton in this weather. The visitor should on no account drink Dublin stout, which is sure to make him feel heavy and drowsy, and —

[We have cut out another fifty lines in which our Commissioner needlessly dilates on the different kinds of beer sold at this establishment.—EDITOR.]

The inner man being thus refreshed, we start off for the

FRENCH ANNEXE.

The French, as may be expected, make a big show. They have got a lot of silk things, some machinery, a good many cannon, and other warlike implements, and a quantity of things too numerous to enumerate in the precincts of a letter. Taken all round it is a good level show. The visitors will do well to have a *mazagran* before proceeding to the

GERMAN ANNEXE.

It so happens, however, that there is no German Annex, because Germany does not take part in the Exhibition. The visitor might follow my example, and wait in the French Annex to have a few more *mazagrans* [*i.e.*, coffee and cognac] during the time he would have spent in the German Annex, if there had been one. Afterwards we come to the

AMERICAN ANNEXE.

America is exceedingly well represented at the Exhibition. All sorts of natural and artificial products of the country are shown. Amongst these are musical instruments, tinned salmon and lobster, cannon balls, pistols, stone crushing machines, and a large variety of other knick-knacks. The cocktail sold at the saloon is excellent; the sherry cobbler is superb; but the mint julep is indescribably magnificent. Unless you feel already

pretty full you cannot do better than waste half-an-hour here. After that we come to the

ITALIAN ANNEXE.

This department is particularly strong in works of art. There are some very fine oleographs and plaster of Paris figures, and a great many samples of wine, which, however, the visitor is not allowed to taste, no matter how willing he may be to give his opinion. He may, however, test the quality by samples which will be furnished to him at one of the most lovely little *cafés* in the whole Exhibition. The

GREEK ANNEXE

contains nothing particularly noteworthy, except a few old statues, and the visitor will find more to interest him in the

AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN ANNEXE,

where, again, there is a good level show of a variety of useful and amusing things.

The visitor would now probably consider that he has done enough for one day—at least, I did—and it was with a sigh of relief that I again got into the grounds, and, throwing myself into a luxuriant couch at the nearest *café*, called for a glass of maraschino. The scene before me at this place was even more lovely than at the point whence I started. I gazed with something like rapture—

[We must be firm. Our Commissioner is an unmitigated humbug. He has not described the Exhibition at all as he was sent to do. All he seems to understand or care about is the quality of the various drinks sold, and we need hardly say that he was not sent to investigate that. We shall give him one more chance. We have cut him short in the attitude of rapturous gazing, but he will not gaze with rapture when he receives the letter we intend to write him.—ED. *City Jackdaw.*]

SHOULD THE MINISTRY BE IMPEACHED?

THE conduct of the Government with respect to the native Indian Troops has brought them face to face with the risk of being impeached. If the English Constitution is clear upon anything, it is clear on this point, that, as Sir W. Vernon Harcourt puts it, while voted forces can be transferred at the will of the Crown, non-voted forces must be kept in that part of the dominions where they are raised unless the Imperial Parliament sanctions their employment elsewhere. Now that has not been done in the present instance. Without the consent of Parliament—and without the knowledge of Parliament—the Earl of Beaconsfield and his Government secretly ordered seven thousand native Indian soldiers to be brought to Malta. In this they distinctly broke both the spirit and the letter of the Constitution. Should they be impeached? Several competent judges believe they should. "The fact," says the *Manchester Examiner*, "that 7,000 troops will soon be at Malta and added to the establishment of the United Kingdom without the consent of Parliament is practical proof—proof to demonstration—that its control is not 'fully secured' by the law in force, and by the power to grant or refuse supplies. The troops are there already; the crime is already done, and all that Parliament can do is to condone or condemn. No doubt when the Supplementary Estimates are before the House the money necessary to maintain the troops can be refused, and, if the House acted with proper spirit, it would be refused. But no Government has the right to subject Parliament to this coercion. Parliament ought to be spared the pressure of an accomplished fact. The moral violence thus exerted is utterly illegal; it is an egregious fraud upon the Constitution, and the Ministers who have sanctioned it deserve to be impeached. Parliament should have been consulted beforehand. And why was it not? No reason can be given that will agree with facts save one. Lord Beaconsfield chose to behave with insolence towards Parliament. He might have consulted Parliament; no time would have been lost; no secret would have been disclosed; he would have been sure to carry his proposals, for his majority would do anything. Why, then, did he abstain? Simply to show that, as he instructed Sir Stafford Northcote to say, he did not think it 'at all necessary.' He acted as he did simply to show off the prerogative of the Crown at the expense of Parliament, and carry one step further his cherished idea of throwing contempt upon representative government." The contemptuous manner in which the Prime Minister treated Lord Selborne's speech on Monday night was grievous aggravation of his offence. He "declined to enter into technical reasons for the silence of the Government with regard to the removal of the Indian troops;" he "declined to enter into the question of the removal of the troops then;" and "though assailed, he must remain silent." What such a man, Parliament counts for little. If we would conserve the Constitution and check the Crown we must be up and doing.

OUR NOTES AND QUERIES.

A FEW weeks ago great anxiety, and in some instances many fears, were aroused in the breasts of a number of good citizens by the receipt of a notice which was pointedly inquisitive upon a very delicate matter. It was dated, "Registration Office, Downing Street, London," and requested the person addressed to furnish the information referred to in the enclosed notice to an official whose name and address were stated. The "enclosed notice" was as follows:—

"SCHOOL BOARD PAPER.

"Are you the father of any child not attending school? If so, who is the mother, and where is the child?"

We will not even indicate the gentlemen who were plunged into the highest state of alarm by this inquisitorial paper, or do anything to increase the shame they are now feeling. That they should have been induced, by a document which everyone with a clear conscience would recognise as a hoax, to supply an utter stranger, whose name had been falsely used, with a true and particular account of the "second family," stating who was the mother, or mothers as the case might be, the place of the children's abode, and, in one instance, adding explanations intended to excuse the sin—that they should have made these confessions, and made them as the result of a practical joke, is surely a punishment sufficient. Someone at the Assize Courts, Strangeways, is said in this manner to have received some curious and unsought facts; but there is one fact he, and all concerned, would like to discover. A considerable sum will be the reward of anybody who can say who was the originator of the malicious trick.

How much was Mr. Disraeli in debt when he stood for Shrewsbury in 1841? It was an exciting question at the time, and the controversy is not without its interest now when we are all endeavouring to appraise the honesty and the veracity of our "Miraculous Premier." New light has been thrown upon that almost-forgotten incident in a lecture delivered by Mr. T. T. Hayes to the members of the Leigh Liberal Club, and which has since been reprinted in a form very suitable for distribution. It is, let me say, an excellent narrative, necessarily of a summary character, of the political adventures and escapades of the present Earl of Beaconsfield, and among the latter this question of Mr. Disraeli's indebtedness is brought up. Contests were fought with the gloves off in those days, and among the placards on the walls was one containing a list of the judgments which had been pronounced against him. Mr. Disraeli, always ready at denial, denied this statement as a gross fabrication. That was an unwise proceeding, for it challenged proof, and led to communications with the Court of Queen's Bench and the production of an official table showing that judgments had been pronounced against the very honourable gentleman in at least thirteen cases between Easter Term, 1839, and June, 1841. The sums due vary from £7,000 to £20, and amount in the total to more than £20,000, besides which there were several annuities enrolled against the same gentleman. By his marriage with the rich wife of his late colleague at Maidstone, Mr. Disraeli no doubt succeeded afterwards in making things straight with his creditors; but there is an unbiased account of his financial position in 1841.

Your "own poet" is likely to impose upon you a task you scarcely contemplated, if many correspondents send you such letters as a friend has sent you through me. He wants your "own poet" to expand and explain, as he did with Longfellow last week, a "piece" that appears in the *Spectator* of Saturday. He wants to know whether it is poetry or prose, or either, and whether your "own poet" believes the other poet, if he is a poet, or the editor who passed the piece which is poetry or prose, or neither, was sane and in his right mind at the time. These are questions which above me, and I propose simply to give your "own poet" a means of judging of the relevance of the correspondent's questions. A cast of a Greek statue of a Discobolus, or quoit-player, is found buried in a back room, away from sight, in the Montreal Museum; and this provokes the imagination of the poet, if he be a poet, who bursts forth in stanzas which close with the passionate cry, "Oh, God! Oh, Montreal!" The aggrieved bard wants to know how the deuce the Discobolus got into that gallery, and he inquires of an old man who is stuffing an owl—"inquires within of the man of skin," as your "own poet" would say. "And I turned to the man of skins," says he, "and said unto him, 'Oh, thou man of skins! therefore has thou done thus to shame the beauty of the Discobolus?'" But something had hardened the heart of the man of skins, and

he answers, "'My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon.' Oh God! Oh Montreal!" I have given that in prose instead of in lines, so that your "own poet" shall have a chance of looking at both sides of the question put to him. The rest shall appear as the writer wrote it. Says the man of skins—

"The Discobolus is put here because he is vulgar;
He hath neither vest nor pants to cover his limbs.

I, sir, am a person of most respectable connections—

My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."

Oh God! Oh Montreal!

Then I said—"O, brother-in-law to Mr. Spurgeon's haberdasher, Who seasonest also the skins of Canadian owls,
Thou calllest trousers 'pants,' whereas I call them 'trousers,' Therefore thou art in danger of hell-fire, and may the Lord pity thee!" Oh God! Oh Montreal!

"Preferr'est thou the Gospel of Montreal to the Gospel of Hellas—
The Gospel of thy connection with Mr. Spurgeon's haberdashery to the
Gospel of the Discobolus?"

Yet none the less blasphemed he beauty, saying—

"The Discobolus hath no Gospel, but my brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."

Oh God! Oh Montreal!

Now the conundrum is whether this is poetry, whether it does not violate the second commandment, and what it all means? Is it a puff of "the haberdasher of Mr. Spurgeon," and is his name to follow with the prices of his goods in the next number of that very superior paper?

The reference to "trousers" and "pants" reminds me of a curious incident which occurred at the Royal Institution one day last week. There are a good many pictures in which the figures stand naked but not ashamed, and others whose raiment is of that scanty and diaphonous character which—

The rich beauty of the form discloses
As the clear crystal doth the imprisoned roses;
and the figures in both cases are of the sex which knows not pants. Curiously enough, several of them are hung together in the first room, and a very voluptuous show they make. An elderly lady in that dear grey dress which Charles Lamb likens to the garb of the Shining Ones, is accompanied by a daughter who, like most of the younger Quakers of both sexes, has dropped the distinctive raiment of the Friends. They have been looking at the Watts'; they have passed by "Proserpina" as something incomprehensible, but evidently naughty; and they are now referring to the catalogue as though to seek a familiar name. "Oh, here are two of Mr. Leake's pictures, 67 and 74," said the younger lady, and they turned in search of the corresponding numbers on the frames. They came; they gazed but for a second, and then with a quick and simultaneous movement they turned away, blushing, and fled along the room. "Salome" they might have stood; "The Odalisque" could have been tolerated; but the two together, and the bathing girls of Mulready, made a display of naked charms which fairly shocked the modest pair.

Just a hint to the promoters of this splendid exhibition. Why do they not arrange for the publication, as a memorial of it, of an illustrated catalogue, like those brought out by the Brazennose Club of the works of Mr. J. D. Watson and Mr. Joseph Knight? It would pay, and would be a pretty souvenir.

SIR JOHN AND THE SOLICITOR.

THE proceedings at the Salford Borough Police Court are usually so grim and grimy and gloomy, that we can't forego the pleasure of reproducing a funny little dialogue which occurred there on Tuesday, during the hearing of a case, before Sir J. I. Mantell, in which a Mrs. Dexter prosecuted two men for assault. Mr. Harris appeared for one of the defendants.

Mr. Harris (having concluded his cross-examination of the complainant): You may go down, Mrs. Dexter.—(To the Stipendiary) I think you have made her acquaintance before, Sir John?

Sir John: What?

Mr. Harris: I think you have made her acquaintance before, Sir John? She lives in Long Street.

Sir John: Long Street! I don't know the woman.

Mr. Harris was heard to say, though not by Sir John, that Mrs. Dexter had been summoned for assault and bound over to keep the peace.

Sir John leaned back in his chair, apparently taxing his memory. He was never so harried before.

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WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Constitution has been in a bad way this week.

That the Liberals say the English Constitution is rapidly breaking up.

That they want to call in the doctors before it is too late.

That the Tories, on the other hand, say the Constitution was never better.

That a screw is loose somewhere.

That the Army cannot be increased without the consent of Parliament.

That the present Government think the country should be governed, not by the people, but by the Sovereign.

That our forefathers fought this battle long ago.

That we shall have to fight it out, too.

That, according to the Conservative papers, the services of Captain Blood, of the Royal Engineers, have been lent to the Government of India for the organisation and superintendence of a regular system of torpedo defence for the Indian ports.

That, no doubt, Captain Blood is the right man for work of this sort.

That, however, we are not informed who it is that is about to invade India.

That the Tories believe in scares.

That scares have served their purpose very well during the last four years.

That the Conservatives are in great glee over the return of Viscount Castlereagh for County Down.

That even Lord Beaconsfield telegraphed expressing his gratification at this "distinguished demonstration" in favour of the policy of the Government.

That the *Pall Mall Gazette*—oh horror!—regards such conduct on the part of the Prime Minister as "weak and undignified."

That, according to the most trustworthy testimony, Lord Castlereagh's success had little to do with the Government policy.

That the Catholics and the teetotalers voted for him, altogether irrespective of party considerations.

That the Conservative candidate did not seem to have any very clear conception of what the policy of the Government really is.

That, nevertheless, Lord Beaconsfield, like other drowning men, is glad to grasp at straws.

That the internecine war still continues in Lancashire.

That policemen and operatives are getting their skulls cracked almost nightly.

That women and children are starving.

That mill windows are being broken and houses given to the flames.

That we don't want to see Lancashire turned into an English Bulgaria.

That it will be, however, if this wild work goes on much longer.

That the Jingoes of Lancashire are outstripping the Jingoes of London.

That—let us have fair play all round—the Government encourage the London Jingoes and stamp out the Lancashire Jingoes.

INDUSTRIAL WAR AND DIPLOMATIC WAR!

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

WHO could have told till these last few days how universally the country was in favour of peace? Many of us who form our opinions after the newspapers which we read, and who take the voice of the free press as the voice of the people, have been convinced that a large portion of the people of this country, possibly a majority of them, were in favour of war, or at least indifferent to the question, regardless of the crime of undertaking it, and of the calamity which is sure to result from it. The prospect of a hundred thousand Englishmen being mangled or killed in European Turkey, for the sole satisfaction of mangling or killing one hundred and five thousand Russians, seems, if we may judge by such papers as the *Morning Post* and the *Manchester Guardian*, to be one which Englishmen may contemplate with some sort of equanimity and almost with satisfaction. The party represented by these two newspapers do not seem to be filled with shame to think that the only obstacle to a settlement of the matters in dispute between Russia and Europe is the action of our Foreign Office in raising a small diplomatic question which, we venture to say, not one man in ten thousand in this country can define with any degree of accuracy. There has never been any attempt, except in that lying circular despatch of Lord Salisbury, to assert or insinuate that the material interests of this country were threatened by the action of Russia. There is no pretence that even a diplomatic humiliation is intended by Russia, and no man in this country, save Benjamin Disraeli, will have cause to be ashamed to welcome a peaceful settlement of the questions before Europe. It is true the Prime Minister must, in one sense, feel humbled—not by Russia, but by Mr. Gladstone. The policy of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire has had to succumb to the Bag-and-Baggage Policy of Gladstone, but even here the Premier has the consolation of the fulfilment of his saying "Nothing happens but the unforeseen." Still, we have a large party in the country in favour of war with Russia, for reasons which no man can state. They must regard a war in Europe as an amusement, possibly as something like the pyrotechnic displays of Bellé Vue or the like.

It is somewhat curious, in these circumstances, to see with what unanimity of horror the press look on the industrial war now raging in Lancashire. Regarded from a point of view friendly to the working people, we must condemn the outrages committed, not only as criminal towards society, but as the extremest folly towards themselves. We are against violence in all cases where resort to better and more logical means of adjustment of any wrong can be had. And in this sentiment we are delighted to be joined by all the newspapers in the country, but why, we ask, this pious horror of a very small war in Lancashire, and this reckless disregard of the consequence of a gigantic war in Europe? Let us throw off the hypocrite, as Mr. Bright lately recommended, and confess that our horror of discord and tumult and murder has a geographical boundary, that crimes committed in Lancashire fill us with a sense of shame, make us doubt the reality of our boasted civilisation, and question whether the tide has not begun to roll back towards barbarism and brute force, while the same crimes magnified and multiplied by a hundred thousand may be contemplated, not only without shame, but may be looked upon with pride as adding to the glory and honour of England. We cannot pretend to explain the phenomenon why a journalist should be filled with consternation at the sight of Mr. Raynsford Jackson's house in flames when he urges a policy which may lay Constantinople in ashes. Perhaps the James who writes in the *Morning Post* or in the *Manchester Guardian* can explain the mystery.

We have said that the material interests of this country are not menaced by Russia. The matter is different with the cotton operatives of Lancashire. They are asked to submit to a material loss of income, and they know very well if they submit at once, and go to work again full time, they will, in a few months, have another reduction in their wages. They are asked, too, unconditionally to surrender to the demands of their employers, which is not a little humiliating to their pride. In these circumstances the more thoughtless of the men do what every friend they have must regret and condemn. They resort to violence, which can do them no good in any way, which of itself is a disgrace to the country and to the age. But what better again, we ask, are the war dogs of the House of Commons, the roughs at the Guild Hall, at the Free Trade Hall, or the mendacious editors of newspapers which, day by day, try what they can to provoke a war with Russia, for objects contemptible compared with those of the cotton operatives of Lancashire, and with certainty of defeat in their aims as clear as that in store for the men of Lancashire? From whence came wars and fightings among you? Came they not hence even of your own lusts? The genteel and feeble writers in the *Guardian* will not care to be compared to the vulgar operatives of Lancashire, but to our mind their course of action is more prejudicial to the interests of England, and more mean and more vulgar than that of the roughs of Blackburn and Burnley.

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WHY I REMAIN SINGLE.

[BY ONE OF OUR NUMEROUS BACHELOR CONTRIBUTORS.]

LET me be frank. The thing has been on my mind a long time. I am a bachelor—a pretty old bachelor. My conscience often reproves me for this. When I read my Bible I find that one of the first laws laid down by God to man was that he should—well, marry. I have not married; I don't mean to marry. Therefore, I am a poor miserable sinner. Yet I have something to say in self-defence. That is what I wish to do now. Why do I remain single? I have met many women whom I loved. Yet I married them not. My teeth frequently water when I witness the happiness of a man with a good wife and troops of merry children. Yet I continue to enjoy my single blessedness. Why? Patience! I am now about to tell you. I have kept the secret for years upon years. Now I am about to divulge it. It isn't that I could not afford to maintain a family; it isn't that I don't care for the opposite sex; it isn't that no woman would have me; it isn't because many of my friends have made unhappy marriages; but it is because the poets have so much to say against woman. "Nonsense," you say, "the poets are never done chanting the praises of woman." Nothing of the kind. But let me be candid. Some of the poets have spoken well of the fair sex at times. Scott, half-praising, half-blaming her, says:—

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish rack the braw,
A ministering angel thou!

Burns was a great woman's man. In one of his dashing pieces he exclaims that woman is "the gust o' joy, the saul o' life, the heaven below." Otway also praises her on one occasion in these words:—

O woman! Lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Angels are painted fair to look like you.
There's in you all that we believe of heaven—
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

But Otway knew better than to believe anything of the kind. His real sentiments on the subject are contained in the following lines:—

What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony a world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!

But even that is letting woman down lightly compared with what many others say of her. One of our best old poets breaks out in this way (I quote from memory):—

Hast thou seen the down in the air,
When wanton blasts have toss'd it?
Or the ship on the sea,
When ruder winds have crost it?
Hast thou marked the crocodile's weeping,
Or the fox's sleeping?
Hast thou viewed the peacock in his pride,
Or the dove by his bride?

Oh! so fickle; oh! so vain; oh! so false, so false is she! John Gay is equally pronounced in his estimate of woman. He writes:—

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind;
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts.

Pope joins in the chorus, and affirms this:—

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake.

"But," some will doubtless say, "who cares for Otway, Suckling, and Gay; what was the opinion of men like Shakspere and Solomon?" Well, the former declares "Frailty, thy name is woman," and the latter affirms that "a continual dropping in a rainy day and a contentious woman are alike." After that, who will blame me—poor me!—for not marrying? I don't dislike women—in fact, I rather like them—but, after what the poets say about them, I dare not—I have not devotion or courage enough—to bind myself to one of their number for better or for worse for life—most probably, according to my reading and observing, very much more of the "for worse" than of the "for better."

SECRET HISTORY OF THE RIOTS.

IT is almost terrible to think of the amount of latent savagery which has been revealed during the riots which have taken place this week in Lancashire. Savagery, we mean, not on the part of the mob, but in the breasts of the defenders and advocates of moral order. The excesses of the rioters have been ominously violent and wicked, but it might be possible for a special pleader to find some faint excuse—though not any justification—for them. But for the savagery of people who are not starving, and who profess to be firm adherents of order, we can find no excuse. The riots have of course been the all-engrossing topic of conversation in the districts affected by them, and all the bar parlours are resounding with pot-house eloquence directed against the operatives. It is the same in the railway carriages, in the clubs, in fact nearly every place where men congregate. And what is the general consensus of opinion amongst the people who are so virtuously indignant about the violent and savage conduct of the rioters? Why, simply that the mob ought to have been shot by the soldiery in cold blood, and that every crowd seen in the streets, whether rioting or not, should have been ridden down by cavalry or dispersed at the point of infantry bayonets. That is to say, a great many persons are so indignant at the destruction of property that they propose to prevent a repetition by the expedient of murder. Not one word would we say in exculpation of the conduct of the mob, but we must point to the fact that, whatever may have been their intentions in particular cases, they have not in any case taken or attempted to take the life of any person obnoxious to them. But the people who call themselves advocates of order would suppress one kind of violence by another infinitely and fatally worse, and any one who during the first week has listened to the pot-house orators and railway carriage politicians, might almost be justified in coming to the conclusion that the chief difference between the mob and those who condemn them is, that the former have given vent to their savagery by the free use of sticks and stones, and that the latter would have liked to do so with rifles and cutlasses. The mob must be dispersed and the rioting put down, but swords and rifles should be used as the instruments of suppression and dispersion only as the last resort, and it cannot be said that the final argument of order has been necessary, except perhaps, on Tuesday week when the military were not yet called out. There has been a great deal said about the discretion shown by the magistrates: but, from a pretty extensive acquaintance with what has been going on in the strike districts, we are inclined to give much more praise to the forbearance and coolheadedness of the officers in command of the soldiers. It is to be feared that if some of the magistrates had had their way, matters would have been much worse than they were, and that North and North-East Lancashire, instead of being in a state of riot, would now be in a state of insurrection. Here is an instance. Last Wednesday a mob of about fifteen hundred people had congregated in a particular road. None of them were then creating a riot, but a few boys in front amused themselves by throwing stones at the police, or towards them, for they were two hundred yards off, in front of a troop of cavalry. The magistrate who accompanied the soldiers, we are told, insisted on the commanding officer giving the word to charge the crowd. The officer, who saw no reason for such a measure, declined to do so without a written order. The magistrate fortunately refused to give one for some time, until the crowd became aware of the measure which was contemplated, and began to disperse. At last the magistrate gave the written order, and the word was given to draw swords. But, before the points of the blades had left the scabbards, the mob had vanished in all directions. If the commanding officer had charged immediately he was told to do so it may be imagined what would have been the effect of a troop of forty or fifty cavalry riding at full gallop into a dense mob. Necessarily there must have been loss of life, and perhaps the soldiers might not have come off unscathed, for the mob are not cowards though they are afraid of cold steel. The result, moreover, would have been most disastrous in every way, for it would have exasperated the people to the pitch of madness, and left terrible memories amongst a people who have not yet forgotten Peterloo. This, of course, is only one instance, and there does not seem to have been many such, but one such disaster might have sufficed to set the district in a blaze. The magistrate might perhaps be excused on account of his not unnatural excitement, but what are we to think of people who, discussing the matter in a place of absolute security, coolly argue in favour of shooting down people, who, however villainous their conduct, do not deserve death? One is almost driven to the conclusion that it is a difference of

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circumstances rather than a difference of disposition which leads to an outbreak of violence in one case and prevents it in another, and our experience of the past week certainly confirms the suspicion that there is as much latent savagery in breasts covered by broadcloth as in those covered with fustian. Perhaps some of the people who think they are friends of order will explain wherein lies the essential difference between the man who breaks a window or sets fire to a house, and the man who proposes murder as a punishment for those offences.

"Poor, proud Preston!" If there were any possible justification for a riot, it would surely be in the case of Preston. In all the other towns in the strike district the operatives were "out" of their own accord at the time the lock-out commenced, but in Preston they had resumed work on the employers' terms and were willing to "grin and abide" indefinitely. Here, then, we have a case where people who are willing to take half a loaf rather than no bread, and yet are denied the work by which they may win it. Surely, then, the men and women who are charitably disposed ought to think less harshly of Preston than of other towns in regard to the disturbances which have occurred; and, moreover, the current of benevolence ought to flow more freely towards the hungry, starving, innocent women and children of that town. Furthermore, the "riot," so far as Preston is concerned, deserves an amount of special consideration which does not appear to apply to most of the other disaffected towns. We have it on the statement of an eye witness—a statement which we believe will be endorsed by many intelligent Prestonians—that if at six o'clock on the evening the Riot Act was read a score or so of policemen, armed with birch rods, had been allowed to exercise paternal rights in the streets of Fishwick Ward, there would never have been the slightest pretence for proclaiming the town under martial law. A few rough boys began the business of the night by marching about; and if the authorities had been sharp enough—if, instead of allowing the crowd to increase hour after hour, they had kept the streets clear, as might have been readily done at one time—there would have been no "riot" heard of in Preston. Why, not more than eight or ten minutes before the Riot Act was read, the officer in command of the Lancasters declared to the Mayor in the most conspicuous part of the ward, that he "never saw a better tempered crowd in his life." This is a piece of "exclusive information," for the correctness of which we can vouch; and in fairness to the men and women of Preston we take the first opportunity we have of making it known.

FIGHTING MEN AND STARVING WOMEN.

WHILE our Reserves themselves have been called up to fight the Russians, their wives and children, or many of them, are starving at home. The Vicar of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, has been addressing the *Standard* on the subject. "Allow me," he writes, "to state three cases to show the position of these poor creatures. Their husbands are at Devonport and Preston. On the 3rd of May their disappointment was excessive when Mrs. B. received 8s., Mrs. B. (No. 2), 6s., and Mrs. G., 10s., and this to last them to the 29th of May. I have just visited their homes. After three weeks the grip of poverty is being felt; the great difference between civilian and military pay begins to tell. I found Mrs. B. in awful distress, unable to work constantly, with 3s. per week rent (the lowest about here), the applications to the Guardians sternly refused, and with but 8s. to exist on from the 3rd to the 29th of May from his pay. As a civilian, the man would earn £6. She was in a state of desperation. Mrs. B. (No. 2) had 6s.; out of this the man required her to send 6d. to Preston. She has now gone partners in a little back room with Mrs. G., who had to break up her home, and received 10s. on May 3rd. I am afraid of the worst consequences from such a state; it is a deplorable condition, and earnestly do I hope the English nation will be aroused to provide better for the wives and children of men preparing to fight her battles." Quite unnecessarily, these men were hurriedly summoned from their homes and taken from good situations. But what cares Beaconsfield about the sufferings of their poor families so long as he can indulge in his displays of diplomatic fireworks and political legerdemain? Already, we hear of appeals to the benevolent on behalf of these starving women and children. A "Reserve Forces Relief Committee" has been formed in London. At its last meeting the secretary reported that over 200 applications had been made for relief from the wives of men now on active service,

and that applications were coming in in great numbers from all parts of the country. The committee decided so far as practicable to relieve the families in kind, and it was decided that contracts should be entered into for the supply of preserved meat, tea, and coffee, with a money allowance for bread. It was also decided to make a further appeal to the public for funds with which to carry on the work. All this, no doubt, is right and proper; but will someone tell why these men have been taken from their situations to fight while their families starve at home?

THE RAMBLERS' CLUB.

[FROM THE OFFICIAL REPORT.]

ATHONOS, Bathos, and Cathos were the only men who put in an appearance. On the previous night three others promised to keep us company in a walk in Derbyshire, and we believed that we should form an almost perfect party, for with six you can divide into threes or pair off into twos, and there is at least no chance of any serious schism, as there may be with two or five; while you are sure, when so many are gathered together, to find an affinity for each, or rather each is sure to find an affinity for himself. But sleep, or indolence, or forgetfulness, or the neglect of careless housemaid, or the desire of the half-awakened man to have ten minutes more, or the newly-awakened fear that he could not walk the twenty miles forecasted; or any other of the thousand and one reasons which may be found for unpunctuality on such occasions, enabled us to account to ourselves for the non-appearance of the errant trio, and despite the fact that the sky looked threatening, and that we were reluctant to start in so small a force, Athos had the courage to suggest to Batho that Cathos should be requested to take tickets for Miller's Dale. The clouds had been thick during the night, and at the hour of starting they showed no signs of breaking. The hope that lives eternal in the human breast prompted the prophecy on the part of one of the three that after noon tide the weather would be fine; but any hope which forms the basis of a weather prediction is like the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, and we—that is to say the other two—did not place any confidence in his powers of vaticination. Still we started, and we thereto inspired by two strong motives. No one of us was willing to incur the charge of "funking," and therefore would not propose a postponement of the walk, and all the three were resolved that they would walk through any storm, however heavy, rather than appear before the club at its next meeting, and confess to desertion of a project which had been talked of for over a week. On sped the train through verdant valleys down which in deep hollows ran brawling streams; across the rocky valley where grey cliffs dammed in the rushing waters; by the side of savage valleys where the torrent tore down in cataracts, and had in its race of ages carved its indelible marks in the solid stone;—through tunnels which pierced the bowels of lofty hills; between high and rugged walls of rock, which in the dim light looked like the poet's "walls of shadow granite in a gleaming pass;" and across the crest of lofty braes which commanded lovely views of a spreading landscape, here dipping down towards the head of a romantic valley, and there rising over a spacious moorland until the eye got confused between the grey tints of the distant boulders and the grey tone of the sky. On sped the train, while one read and the other smoked, and the third pored closely over the ordnance map of the district to be traversed; and as the urgent engine forced its way along it passed through the mist, and then the shower, and ere it reached the tunnel which bores beneath Chee Tor had entered the region of rain—not conventional rain; not the rain which occasionally moistens the umbrella of the Square-walker in Manchester; not the rain which falls "like pearls from blown roses on the grass," but a rain that seemed to have energy enough to last till the crack of doom, a rain persistent, steady, and dismal, which obscured the sky, saturated the landscape, and would soon have saturated through and through anyone who was bold or foolish enough to walk a mile under its dismal downpour. Never did the dreary inn at Miller's Dale seem so dreary or so depressing; never did the beer taste so flat, or the rooms appear so ghastly; never did the outlook towards the hill, dale, and quarries assume so ugly and forbidding an aspect, as never did three members of our club regard each other with such unclippable looks. What were we to do? The atmosphere was water, and the roads were paste. The wind was from the north-east, and all thought of walking towards Tideswell had to be abandoned. Yet we could not stay where we were. There was no billiard table; there was not a pack of cards; there was not even

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draught-board ; and, under the circumstances, to propose pitch and toss would have led to manslaughter. Athos said we were fools on a fool's errand bent, and Bathos said in that case we ought to follow the fool's philosophy, whereupon he told us that it had been laid down by the Fool in *King Lear* that—

" He that has and a tiny little wit,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortune's fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day."

A brief reflection on this wholesome proposition led to a conclusion whose soundness cannot be questioned. There was a road to Baslow, somewhat roundabout it is true, and a road to Buxton, pretty well known to each of us, and, if less roundabout, at all events very modestly and desultively set down at six miles, as though Derbyshire miles and other miles were precisely the same. To Baslow would mean rain in our face ; to Buxton would mean the wind at our backs ; and when the case is thus stated it will be understood at once why we set off over the bridge, and up Sandywell Lane, to get into the admirably-kept road which leads from Bakewell through Taddington, and thence through Ashwood Dale to Buxton.

" Six miles, indeed ! " said Cathos, when we had got round the shoulder of Topley Pike, " who ever invented the Derbyshire mile ? " Said Bathos, " Miles Cover-dale," a weak attempt at a joke which we, who had found it a stiff walk from Miller's Dale, were resolved not to laugh at.

" There's more in that question than you think," said Athos, " and if we were not troubled by this ribald fellow, I should like to ask who invented miles first of all. Miles, like hours, seem to me to be arbitrary rules made solely to vex easy-going man. I can sit up, if the company is agreeable, from sunset to sunrise, but I refuse to believe that I have sat up twelve hours. I can walk for twelve hours, but I feel it owing to my sense of what is due to my own health to utterly decline to accept as accurate any map by which it is proved to me that I have walked twenty-four miles, though I know that the distance only involves a pace of two miles an hour. The fact is, and I hope you won't think I am profane, that I don't believe in either of your gods—I don't believe in hours or miles. My training in Moscow sapped the one faith, and my experience as a pedestrian has undermined the other. When I went over to Munich, to write something about the Lola Montes riots, I took the opportunity of making a walking trip to Angsberg, which was truly interesting to me as the old home of the Fuggers, the publishing place of the greatest newspaper in Germany, and the town with the most excellent hotel in Europe, where you can drink every wine known to literature ; and I recollect very well, though it is years ago now, that I was stranded in the middle of a forest all night, because I had forgotten that a Bavarian mile was three miles, four furlongs, and 192 yards more than the English distance which we measure as eight furlongs, or, at a good pace, a quarter of an hour's walk. Much later, I recollect making a walking trip by myself from Maria Zell—where the Archduke John of Austria has some very prosperous ironworks, and where there is in the church an effigy representing the Virgin Mary as a thick-lipped and woolly Ethiopian—to Glognitz, wherefrom I intended to make the ascent of the Semmering, and on that occasion I had to spend the night in the cot of a charcoal-burner, who spoke in no language I could understand, the origin of my accident was the fact which I explain frankly, though it accuses me of very gross ignorance, that the Austrian mile is equal to four and a half English miles. But of that I have no right to complain. What does provoke a legitimate grumble, and you, Cathos, have a sympathy with legitimate grumbling, is that here, in the United Kingdom, where we have one ordinance map, and, if I am rightly informed, one uniform Government, there should be such differences as do undoubtedly exist between the Irish mile and the English mile, or between the mile in Wicklow and the mile in Connemara, or between the Scotch mile and the English mile, or the mile in Ross-shire and the mile in the Yarrow Valley, or between the English miles themselves, for no one who has walked the distance will doubt that there is at least twice the superficial area of ground to be traversed between Glossop and Hayfield than there is between Great Malvern and Upton, though both are inscribed on the mile posts as walks of four miles.

Whenever Athos gets into this state, we always—that is, the members of the club—deem it wise to leave him to himself, and the two of us walked on, a little ahead, leaving him to make this long speech to himself. Of course one of us heard it, or it could not have been reported ; but we both took care that by no sign or interjection should it appear that we were listeners, and we were equally careful to lend him no encouragement

to continue his monologue. Indeed, if we had desired to be far more indulgent towards Athos than we should ordinarily have been disposed to be, we had better material now to occupy our attention. We had dropped down into one of the most charming valleys in all Derbyshire. I who write, and who beg to be excused from saying which of the three travellers I am, know most of the dales ; but I know of none more lovely in the springtime of the year than Ashwood Dale. It is an epitome of the Wye, the Dart, the Rhine, nay, in some places even of the Danube, always assuming that it lacks water. If you walked through it, carefully observing and reverently appreciating, and then went home and closed your eyes and brooded over the picture, you would only need to imagine that there was a broad stream of water where now is railway and road and little more than a brook, to see in your vision not only pictures of that portion of the Rhine between Bingen and Coblenz, not only that portion of the Danube, and by far the finest, between Passau and Linz, but some such magnificent escarpment of tree-crowned rock as the Palisades reveal to the lover of the picturesque as seen from the deck of an Albany steamer he traverses the broad and beautiful waters of the Hudson. All that the three rivers I have named have superior to this ancient river channel is savagery of scenery. There is nothing savage or barbarous or wild or rugged here. The vale runs through the whole gamut of serene beauty, and to other eyes, and especially to eyes which have looked upon it less frequently, there may be spots here and there which suggest the mountainous and the grand. That point I won't dispute. All I care to contend for is that the dale is unique among Derbyshire dales—and they seem to be innumerable, for on every new exploration one seems to stumble upon a fresh one—and possesses within a space of about four miles every variety of that attractiveness which we are accustomed to regard as essential to the beauty of an English valley. Here, for instance, at the beginning, from the northward side—near the very point where Athos wound up what Bathos afterwards described as his mile-enial period—you look down over the boundary wall of the road, and see beneath you a huge gorge which at some remote time has been the deep channel of a great watercourse, of which the last relic is the stream which runs from above Buxton down to pleasant Ashford-in-the-Waters, and thence through Bakewell to join the broader Derwent ; and there you see the railway which the ingenuity of man has carried by many a skilful cutting, over many a graceful bridge, and along many a stout embankment to the town which is the Paradise of rheumatic people ; and there, also, you see, far below, the windings of the leafy valley which twists like an epileptic snake until it widens and expands at the very gates of Buxton town. A mile or two farther on, standing in the roadway, you have in this same valley a picture entirely different, and even more lovely. On the one side is the little river embracing in a generous love the low land which has been stolen from the hill, whereon the marsh-mallow flaunts its gaudy blossom, and the water-wagtail and the swift dart, the one with its eccentric up and down motion, and the other with its rapid and graceful flight. There, again, beneath the grey stone wall, the forget-me-nots—the real forget-me-nots—grow together in clusters which seem to thrive and live as symbols of modest beauty ; and there, by the overhanging land, and among the waterworn stones, you may be sure there is " here and there a lusty trout, and here and there a greyling ; " while, on the other side of the road you are walking on, the hills rise high and clear, are silvered with cascades, made musical with the sound of falling waters, and are dotted with grateful verdure—the hawthorn just putting out the first promise of its bright and odorous blossom, the lovely rowan with its melancholy leaves, not yet relieved by the bunches of red berries, and great clumps of the birch and fir among which the trees whose newly-made raiment blazes forth in colours of riant green stand like brides among a group of monks. It is very lovely, this valley, in this sweet May season, whether it is seen through the rain as we saw it or whether it is seen when the full noon tide splendour of the sun shines down upon it, dispersing a thousand harmonies of tone, and substituting for them a brilliant exhibition of vivid colours.

" It is very beautiful," said Athos, " and surely some such scene and some such vale must have been in the poet's mind when he made his lover sing—

" Come down, O maid ! from yonder mountain height :
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills ?
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him. . . . Come, for all the vales
Await thee ; azure pillars of the hearth

Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

Bathos stood this very well, until Athos planted himself upon a monolith at the entrance of that romantic gorge wherein sometimes a magnificent cascade is to be seen—and only sometimes, for despite the rain it was not to be seen on Saturday—and then impatience, with some pangs of hunger super-added, overcame the most courteous and mirthful of our company. "Come down, O maid! yourself," he shouted, in evident anger. "I would sooner have a made dish now than all the 'princesses' in creation, and if we walk fast we shall get dinner in Buxton in a quarter of an hour. Love may be of the valley, but my love for the moment is of an hotel, and, to my mind, poetry is poor comfort for an empty stomach." That brought Athos to his senses, and in a quarter of an hour we were holding a special meeting of the Ramblers' Club at a Buxton hotel, with a fine leg of lamb as the subject of discussion.

M O B L A W .

YE who would rouse, to further party ends,
The passions of the mob; who stir them up
To deeds of violence, and join with them
To howl down those who flatter not their pride
By braggart boasting of our country's might;
Who dare to speak of justice and of truth,
And will not aid again with England's blood
The tyranny that wastes the Eastern lands—
Ye smiled approval when a yelling mob,
Emboldened by impunity, and fired
By the example set them from above,
Dared to attack the house of him whose word
Was once a law to England—him whose fame
Ye strive with bitter virulence to sink
In the foul ocean of your calumny—
But now the spirit of mob violence
Heeds not your noisy piping, but will dance
To time of its own choosing.

Hunger pinched,
And stirred by spasms of mad wrath, the crowd,
Armed from the pavement and the wayside fence,
Sweep through the panic-stricken towns, and law
And order fly, o'erborne by frantic rage;
When the red flames from burning house and mill,
Flaring like streamers of the Arctic seas,
Dance on the midnight air and pale the stars,
How do they please ye, these new Northern Lights?
How like ye now the monster ye invoked?
What! No applause, but clamour, "Put it down,
Shoot, stab, and sabre, whelm in one red heap
The foolish and the guilty."

Nay, not so;
Blind force is futile, rage and violence
Recoil on those who use them evermore;
England can vindicate the outraged law,
And needeth not the bloody holocausts
That foreign despots offer at its shrine
To cleanse the stains from its insulted majesty.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

[BY A BEWILDERED CITIZEN.]

MUCH has been written with the object of telling men what is truth—much that is theological, scientific, social, and political. Notwithstanding all this, however, I often get bewildered when I try to search after the truth. Just take one or two instances. Who can tell me what has been Count Schouvaloff's mission to St. Petersburg? Enough and to spare has been written on the subject; but I am as much at sea to-day as ever. Again, where is the wise man who will drive away all darkness as to what the Earl of Beaconsfield would really like to be at? Leaders and letters have been penned in thousands on this question. Yet I cannot say I have no remaining doubts respecting it. Once more—as our divine guides say—what is the truth about these Lancashire riots? Had the "respectable operatives" anything to do with them? The Home Secretary, and nearly everybody else, say they had not. But when I turn to the *Courier*, what do I read? This letter, signed "One ashamed of Blackburn":—"It is time to demolish a sentimental theory too freely used abo-

operatives. I witnessed their mad work, and although the stone throwing was done by young men (rascals), yet they were led on by operatives in front, and backed by a body of operatives behind, who took twenty minutes to pass. I can vouch for it. But for the operatives, the real rioters could have been arrested by the police. Note a few facts. The active rioters covered in space one hundred yards, the operatives one mile. If these 'British workmen' had been so disposed they could have appointed one hundred and fifty men to each rioter. I ask, then, why flatter these men? For forty-eight hours Blackburn witnessed the reign of terror, and yet no two persons dared openly speak such sentiments, as you wisely expressed in your leader on Thursday. Depend on it we are in an awful state. I never heard in England such inflammatory, foolish, and unreasonable talk as is now current in these streets, and the penalty of speaking sense is broken windows or something worse." So you see I have some reason for being bewildered. It is not only as to what took place in ancient times, or as to what goes on in far-off lands, but also as to what is occurring under our very nose, that we are constantly driven to ask the question, What is truth?

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

A CORRESPONDENT, who has recently taken up his abode in Longsight, sends us the following communication: "We, the inhabitants of the popular suburb of Longsight, have, I think, real reason to complain that we are somewhat hardly treated in the matter of omnibus accommodation. Some people growl because there is opposition on the road, and consequently racing, nursing, and the like, and certainly there have been recently, if there are not just now, numerous proceedings in the police court in which 'bus drivers have figured largely. This, however, I confess, does not trouble me much. I am not affrighted by thoughts of collisions and that sort of thing, but I most assuredly have felt the shoe pinch me in one way. On week days I am tolerably well satisfied with the 'bus service, but I feel that I am justified, and that the other inhabitants are justified, in protesting against the Sunday arrangements, or rather absence of arrangements. Why it should happen that Longsight should be chosen as the one neighbourhood in which 'buses should not run on Sundays, I quite fail to understand. Other localities, good, bad, and indifferent, have accommodation provided them, but we in Longsight are left out in the cold altogether. Wet or fine, fair weather or foul, not a 'bus is to be seen, and the unfortunate individual who has to go to or from town has the cheering reflection as he plods along, may be in pouring rain, that other people who are possibly no better than he, are much better looked after by those who have the omnibus arrangements in hand, and have at any rate the chance of riding, even if they don't feel disposed to take a cab. I might not, perhaps, grumble if no 'buses at all ran on Sunday, but I certainly do object to one district being treated in this exceptional and soury manner. Longsight people are, I am sure, an exceedingly decent lot of folks, and quite as much worthy of consideration as the dwellers in other neighbourhoods."

We have received a small work from Mr. J. Wilby, Mirfield, entitled "Health and Beauty." It contains an amount of information which should certainly commend it to all thoughtful readers.

A FAIR correspondent writes to us as follows:—"The *City Jackdaw* has been trying to find out lately why it is that ladies like Miss Lydia Becker and myself don't get married. It is not, I assure you, because we never have a chance. The truth is we fear wedlock. How could we do otherwise when sad announcements like the following meet our eyes in almost every day's paper:—

I, EMANUEL BIRBECK, of No. 161, York Street, Cheetham, Manchester, will not be responsible for any debt hereafter contracted by my Wife.
18th May, 1872.

EMANUEL BIRBECK.

NOTICE.—I, WILLIAM EDWARD COOKSON, of No. 6, Matlock Place, Welbeck Street, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, commercial clerk, will not be accountable for any debt which my wife, VIOLETTA MARGARET COOKSON, may contract.

It is all very well for poets to sing of wedded bliss. Judging from police reports and newspaper advertisements, that article is rather scarce." It is well that our correspondent, holding such heterodox views as these, is an old maid, lavishing her affection on a cat instead of on a husband.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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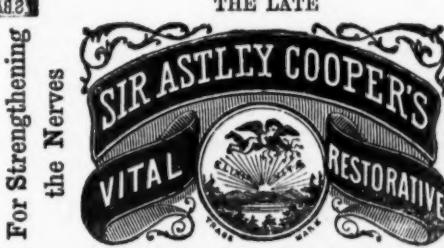
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6

THE CITY JACKDAW.

MAY 24, 1862.

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